NATIONAL REVIEW

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March 22, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Kohler Investigation

L. BRENT BOZELL

What Democracy Hasn't that Communism Has

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Let Me Out of Here

IKE McANALLY

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · BEN RAY REDMAN
WILLIAM A. RUSHER · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
FINIS FARR · JAMES BURNHAM · ABE KALISH

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For the Record

Opponents of Chancellor Adenauer's pro-Western foreign policy are insisting that Germany play the role of third power between the USSR and the West. Fear that the Socialists will gain strength is slowing the flow of investment capital to West Germany....Deposed Marshal Zhukov is said to be living quietly in Moscow.

French observers continue to be astounded by Premier Gaillard's political durability....In the municipal election in Zurich, Switzerland, the Communist vote dropped by nearly 75 per cent (4,104 to 1,239) from the last election in 1954. The loss is believed to stem from Soviet conduct in the Hungarian revolt....Asked why Nehru concentrates his fire on the United States, an Indian spokesman replied: "It is because Americans are accustomed to being criticized and attacked. The Russians are not."

The climb in livestock prices has given Republican Congressmen in the Midwest their first ray of hope in many months. It may enable them to hang onto a part of the badly disaffected farm vote....Senators are receiving voluminous mail urging them to vote for the highly commendable Humane Slaughter Bill which was passed by the House in February....The much-publicized "polls" indicating Rockefeller as the GOP candidate for Governor of New York don't jibe with a head-count by the Party professionals who rate him "no whiz."

Father Halton—in absentia—completely disrupted proceedings at the Princeton Class of '33 Annual Dinner last week. His name was introduced as a candidate for honorary membership in the class. Parliamentary rules were abandoned, to preclude a vote on the motion....The Washington Post, having completely ignored Dr. Edward Teller's "Meet the Press" appearance [NATIONAL REVIEW, March 15] waited until it could print, over a week later, violent and libelous attacks on Dr. Teller by two other atomic scientists—and then ran the story on page one. The Post has yet to report what Dr. Teller said to stir up his defamers.

Syndicated columnist Herbert Philbrick ("I Led Three Lives") has been ousted by the New York Herald Tribune—a victory for the paper's anti-anti-Communist wing. Another syndicate is at present negotiating for his column.

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The WEEK

● SIGN OF THE TIMES. Mr. Fulton Lewis Jr. revealed last week that a scheduled appearance by Judge Robert Morris, anti-Communist expert who is running for Senator in New Jersey, on the Tex & Jinx radio show in New York, was abruptly and peremptorily canceled. Mr. Morris' replacement: Mikhail Alekseyevich Menshikov, Soviet Ambassador. By way of comment, Mr. Lewis quoted the title of Judge Morris' new book: *No Wonder We Are Losing* (Bookmailer: $2.50).

● We are not—well, not yet—President; but we know what we would do this afternoon about North Korea if we were, namely: We would give the North Korean government exactly twelve hours—on pain of you-know-what—to make generous restitution, in dollars, for 1) the plane they hijacked last week, 2) the plane they shot down a couple of days ago, and 3) the inconvenience caused to the pilots and passengers. When we get to be President, watch us and see.

● In a letter to the *New York Times*, Professor Hans J. Morgenthau, of the University of Chicago, begs the Administration to quit haggling over the amount of foreign aid and decide instead on the policy that should govern its distribution. To date, Mr. Morgenthau observes, our foreign aid program has responded "haphazardly to all kinds of demands sound and unsound, unrelated . . . to the political purposes of our foreign policy." The American people have not begrudged foreign aid when it demonstrably served the national interest, as it has in Greece and Turkey; but, Mr. Morgenthau warned, the people prefer "statesmanship, however partisan, to medicinemanship, however bipartisan" and so will reject the Administration's program out of hand unless it changes its approach "quickly and drastically." Professor Morgenthau was not invited to speak at Eric Johnston's pep rally. Having something to say, he was ineligible.

● Mr. Alex Rose of New York's Liberal Party has proposed Edward R. Murrow for the Senate. NATIONAL REVIEW, though behind in its dues to the Liberal Party, would like to second the nomination. Mr. Murrow would be far less influential as one of 96 Senators than he now is as czar of radio and television, which is one reason for supporting his candidacy. A second is that we are forever relieved, now that he is the explicit choice of an official of New York's most relentlessly left-wing political party, of the necessity of making those tedious demonstrations of the political bias that colors Mr. Murrow's approach to the news of the day.

● The appointment of Leonard Hall to represent President Eisenhower at the celebration of Israel's tenth anniversary has caused a flurry of speculation among New York politicos. They reason that Hall, who for years has sought Eisenhower's favors in vain, could not have wangled it himself; that Nixon, the only political friend Hall has with that kind of influence, had no reason to dabble in New York's murky and dangerous politics; that, in fact, only former Governor Dewey (who was in Washington just prior to the appointment) might have had both the opportunity and the motive to bring the appointment off. They therefore suspect that the ex-Governor is less than enthusiastic about Nelson Rockefeller's candidacy, and not above giving Hall a boost if it will hold Rockefeller down.

● Chinese Communist military units on the mainland opposite Formosa have been considerably strengthened during recent weeks. Nationalist-held Kinmen Island has been shelled by heavy guns and rocket launchers of a new type. Russian submarines and a large flotilla of torpedo boats have been sighted off Chekiang, and Russian technicians are working with newly based jet planes. The Free Chinese are speculating whether some of the Red troops now leaving North Korea are going to turn up in their vicinity.

● Would Pakistan's Moslems (as Prime Minister Malik Firoz Khan Noon said the other day) rather subordinate themselves to Communism than live under Indian domination? Will Pakistan, in other words, "go Communist" if we and our allies don't stop supplying to India the arms and resources that enable it to keep part of Pakistan in subjection? We (because we believe nations don't "go Communist") doubt it. We don't like the overtones of blackmail involved in that way of putting it, but that is merely to say that while we disapprove of Premier Khan Noon's methods, we approve his objectives. Pakistan is our ally. India is not our friend and so, in the present situation, is our enemy. Pakistan, moreover, is right about Kashmir, India wrong; and that too should make a difference.

● The Committee on Un-American Activities has just released a printed transcript of a December staff consultation with General Charles A. Willoughby, a member of NATIONAL REVIEW's contributing board, on

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the background, nature and prospects of the Indonesian crisis. General Willoughby showed that the Communists are today pursuing the same strategic objectives as the Japanese in World War II, that is, a) to control strategic raw materials, such as oil, rubber and tin; b) to drive a wedge between the West and Asia by gaining control of the Malay Barrier with the sea lanes from the Indian Ocean to the China Sea; and c) to isolate Australia as a corollary of the seizure of the Malay Barrier. General Willoughby's analysis particularly stressed the role of U.S. policy in the background of the current crisis, and the decisive bearing of the Communist aims on the integrity of the American defense line in the Western Pacific. Copies of the transcript may be obtained by writing to the Committee at the House Office Building, Washington 25, D. C.

● In the State of Connecticut, where river pollution has been a serious problem, the municipalities have been constructing sewage disposal plants at the rate of six or more a year. At least, they *were* building them at that rate before they started listening to the siren song of "federal aid." Informed a couple of years ago that cities could have Washington money for municipal projects, Connecticut mayors have recently taken to waiting around for the promised funds to come through. Result: sewage disposal plants in Connecticut are now being built at the rate of three a year.

● Commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Little Red Schoolhouse of New York City, President Eisenhower—who approves of education—sent a message commending the experimental school for "searching out new paths for the training of free citizens." The Little Red Schoolhouse's director during the last fifteen of these twenty-five years has been one Dr. Randolph B. Smith. Dr. Smith, on appearing before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee in September 1952, pleaded the Fifth Amendment on all questions concerning past or present membership in the Communist Party. At the ceremonies, Dr. Smith came out for a "crash program in human relations." We'd like to ask him if that is what Lenin came out for in 1917; but we're afraid he would decline to answer, taking the Fifth. As for Mr. Eisenhower—who did *this* to him?

● Mr. John Marshall, an English engineer, was recently expelled from the Amalgamated Engineering Union in Sheffield, England; whence it followed, since the Union has a closed shop agreement with Mr. Marshall's employers, that he was duly fired from his job. Mr. Marshall's offense? He had earned, by working hard, seven shillings more during a week than the Union regulations permitted, and had refused to hand the money over. But suddenly the Amalgamated Engineering Union reinstated Mr. Marshall. He was (for the moment, at least) saved. It develops that expulsion must be decided upon by the Union's *District* Committee, not a mere *Branch* Committee. Who says Bureaucracy is necessarily the enemy of the common man?

The grand jury called to investigate the tax returns of Representative Adam Clayton Powell Jr. has seven weeks to live. Fifty-six weeks have gone by since it was last convened to hear evidence.

● Anita Loos, in a letter to the *New York Times,* takes issue with the *Times'* editorial statement that the public is not qualified to decide on the scientific aspects of fluoridating the local water supply. Says Miss Loos: "The question is not whether the public is qualified to evaluate scientific data, but whether . . . it has a right to decide whether or not it wants fluoridation." Well, Miss Loos may know that gentlemen prefer blondes. What she apparently does not know is that the *Times* prefers compulsion.

Death in the Blackout

The Senate Judiciary Committee did not reject the Jenner Bill last Monday, but almost surely will next Monday. Congress will thus have abandoned an opportunity to take a concrete, moderate, finite, revocable step to brake a Court gone awry, and will retreat back into the petulant rhetoric with which, more and more, it is satisfied to protest against the march of events, whether in Hungary, or in the White House, or in the chambers of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Of the vociferous opponents of the Jenner Bill, many were men of demonstrated opportunism, men like Max Lerner, who knew how to defend the Moscow trials, and have not lost their technique; men like Joseph L. Rauh Jr., who opposes secret informers unless he hires them; newspapers like the *Washington Post,* whose arguments derive from the postulated correctness of any measure they approve of, in this case the Supreme Court's war on anti-Communism. But the publicists of unprincipled Liberalism have not, on account of their moral irresponsibility, lost the power to generate the atmosphere that, more and more, ends up paralyzing Congress. Thus anyone who favored the Bricker Amendment, after the Liberals were done with it, was isolationist and atavist; and now anyone who backs the Jenner Bill

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is *ipso facto* in favor of sundering the American constitutional system. In such terms do these gentlemen trade; and alas, they are effective.

The press does not report such facts as that Professor Edward S. Corwin of Princeton, concededly the nation's top constitutional scholar, wrote to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that he was "sympathetic with the general purpose of Senate 2646." The reasoned, detailed, compelling testimony of Mr. Bozell did not get a line of attention. Mr. Jenner's final rebuttal of the critics was paid no heed. Only those who opposed the bill made the news. Thus there was no genuine national debate.

NATIONAL REVIEW endorsed the Jenner Bill, for the reasons outlined in the preceding weeks. In endorsing it we have not lost our balance. We do not take the position that Congress has the organic right to have its way, and should suppress the judiciary, or anyone else who "disagrees" with it. We do not ask for any more legislative supremacy than the Constitution clearly calls for, any more than we do judicial, or executive supremacy; we believe in the diffusion of power. We backed the Jenner Bill primarily as a *political* counterstroke aimed at an imperialistic Supreme Court. We did not fear that passage of it would constitute a precedent for future abuse, any more than we fear that the explicit power vested by the Constitution in the Congress to define the Court's appellate jurisdiction, is itself an invitation to abuse.

The question, rather, is whether, by refusing to interpose itself against irruptions by the judiciary upon our society, the Congress has failed to perform its clear duty.

What To Do

Depression is here, and it is real, as the unemployment figures for February attest. But the nature of the depression hasn't been properly analyzed. Just who is out of work? And what means are best calculated to reattach the unemployed to payrolls?

The answer to the first question is relatively easy: out of a labor force estimated at 65 million, a little more than five million, or one-thirteenth of the job-seeking population, are currently looking for something to do. This is bad enough. Viewed in the perspective of history, however, it bears no comparison with the worst unemployment of the nineteen thirties, when 16,000,000 out of a much smaller labor force were out of work. Moreover, there is no real farm crisis at the moment, despite the mutterings of Ezra Benson's assorted critics. On the farms people are not only employed; they are still eating, still buying, and still paying their bills.

Since there are always two to three million potential job-holders out of work in the U.S. even at the best of times, due to the "friction" of job changing, it is obvious that a total unemployment figure of five million is not too serious. Discounting for the friction, the problem is to return some two million people to work.

In the meanwhile, the currently unemployed are not suffering from material privations: for there is unemployment insurance and local relief. Finally, many of the unemployed are the second and third breadwinners of families which still have incomes. Last year, according to the Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor, more than 22,000,000 women were at work—which means that women constituted a third of the 1957 labor force. Married women are among the many who have lost their jobs in certain depressed areas where light industry is the rule. But where husbands—or wives, for that matter—are still employed, unemployment relief is hardly our most pressing problem.

An unemployment which is still 50 per cent frictional is certainly no excuse for blunderbuss methods. The blunderbuss approach, however, is very much in the minds of certain politicians who, whenever a slight increase in the unemployment statistics turns up, think immediately in terms of grandiose public programs.

The main pragmatic trouble with the public works approach is that it cannot take effect this year, or even next. And when it does take effect it will not necessarily call for the right sort of employment. Highway construction, for example, is a specialized job; it cannot in the nature of things employ textile workers, or toolmakers, or helicopter builders, or men who deal with the programming of work in automationed factories.

Again, the public works approach would mean adding to an already monstrous public debt. The result would be more inflation and a corresponding destruction of real purchasing power.

To do the Administration justice, it has not gone all out for the blunderbuss approach. It is talking at the moment of a much simpler method of increasing purchasing power: a tax cut of some $6 or $7 billion if there is no upturn by April. A "package" plan which already has the approval of both Democrats and Republicans on the House Ways and Means Committee would reduce the personal income tax rate on the first $1,000 of taxable income from 20 per cent to 15 per cent. There would also be a 5 per cent cut in higher tax brackets. The corporation tax would be reduced from 52 per cent to 50, and present excise taxes on automobiles would be cut in half. As a stimulus to savings for investment purposes, the Ways and Means Committee suggests a change of top in-

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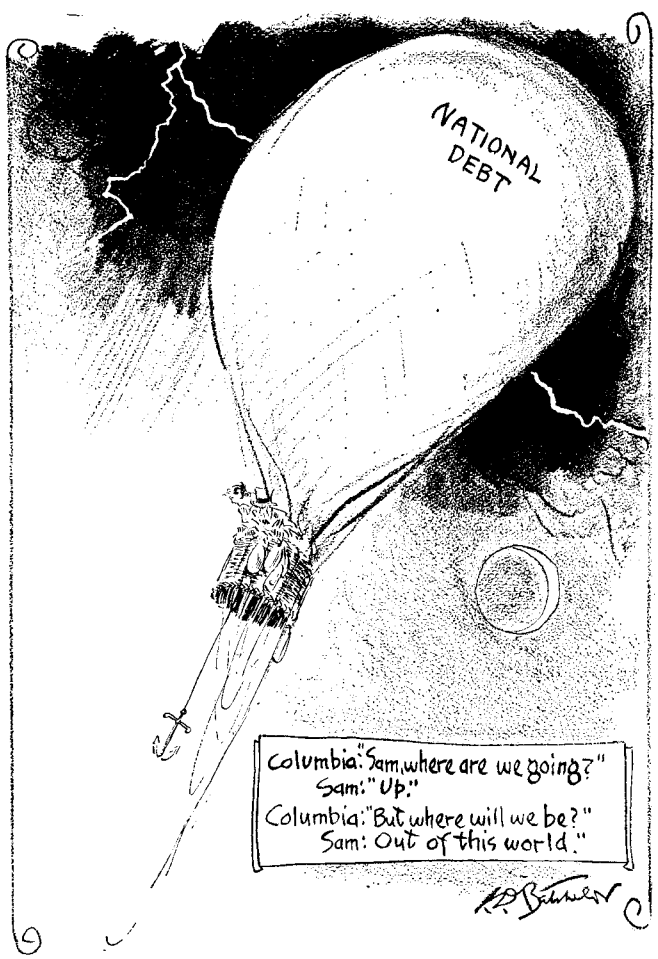
dividual income tax rates from 91 per cent to 70 per cent or less.

A reduction in taxes would in all probability serve to unbalance the budget. But if the budget must be unbalanced, it is better to do it by way of tax cutting than by way of merely piling added expenditures on top of current taxes. The right way to administer the tax cut would be to combine it with rigid government economy. If Congress would act on the Hoover Commission proposals, and substitute a voluntary enlistment plan for the present costly way of raising an army by way of conscription, and compel municipalities to construct their own sewage disposal plants, and cease to subsidize agriculture by inflating food prices, a cut in taxes would add to effective purchasing power without adding to an already inflationary debt. And any subsequent improvement in business would add to tax volume, even though the rates would be lower than at present.

We regard the House Ways and Means Committee package plan as a good point of departure. Though the cut in the personal income tax would be welcome, a more effective device would be to cut the corporation tax by considerably more than 2 per cent, to induce capital expansion.



Capital investment is always the most effective "multiplier," a far more potent spur to an economy than any system of Keynesian handouts, which, in themselves, tend to transfer existing wealth without adding anything to the total stock.

Oakes Hoax

Mr. John B. Oakes is the internal security-civil liberties expert of the *New York Times* which of course makes him, *ex officio*, the top internal security-civil liberties expert in America. It is fitting that he should have been designated to review Mr. J. Edgar Hoover's new book, *Masters of Deceit: The Story of Communism in America and How to Fight It.*

Mr. Oakes had a tough assignment. If the book—which is an account of the history and power of organized Communism in America—had been written by Eugene Lyons or Max Eastman or James Burnham, Mr. Oakes could have emitted an *ad hominem* gasp about the evils of McCarthyism, and let it go. But Mr. Hoover is a very difficult man to throw tomatoes at, as anyone knows who has tried it. It isn't that an FBI agent will call on you at two in the morning of the day after your criticism is made, and drag you off to that prison from which one writes letters to Bertrand Russell . . . No, it's just that one ends up feeling silly, and sort of sheepish. Even a man with the buoyant, irrepressible impudence of Bernard De Voto couldn't bring off an assault on Mr. Hoover. Alan Barth of the *Washington Post* had a go at it, and the effect was that of a teenager trying to impress his elders with a dirty joke. Even Herblock, who probably whiles away his leisure hours by drawing coarse caricatures of the angels and the saints, has left Mr. Hoover strictly alone.

So Mr. Oakes moved very carefully, didn't say a word against Mr. Hoover himself, complimented his "highly efficient" FBI—and proceeded to pooh-pooh everything Mr. Hoover said. The most important thing to bear in mind about internal security, Mr. Oakes and the *New York Times* will tell you in effect, is that there is *no* internal insecurity; master that, and you are an expert on the subject. Hoover is "dated." The Communists have no power any more. They are down to a mere 8,000 members. (Remember the days when they were all saying the Communists had no power because they had a mere 80,000 members?) They don't have a "toe-hold" in anything any more, not the government, not labor, not the press, not "in any significant area of American life." (It helps, fully to understand this, to think of the world as an insignificant "area of American life.") In fact, "it is quite possible that the high crime rate, juvenile delinquency, bad health and housing conditions, in-

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fringement or denial of civil rights may be more of an internal menace to our institutions and our security than the Communist party of the United States and its little group of American camp-followers." To say nothing of the parking problem; to which, perhaps, Mr. Hoover will address his next, let us hope more serious, book.

Well, we think J. Edgar Hoover showed remarkable restraint in omitting a chapter on the John Oakeses of this world. He could have written, with justice, that the Communist Party's diminished power has been effected by the labors of men whom the *New York Times* has consistently opposed. And he could, by way of backing up his contention that statistics do not tell the whole story about the strength of Communism, have observed that those who set out resolutely to reduce the power of Communism in this country meet considerably more effective opposition from the *New York Times* than ever the Communist Party has.

Molehill into Mountain

The Republican National Committee, which so often is so slow at this kind of thing, has put out a first-rate four-page fact sheet exposing Democratic cant on the subject of the recession. Most of it consists in a Then-and-Now comparison of statements made by prominent Democrats during the 1949-1950 Truman recession, and today. Then, 7.6 per cent of the labor force was unemployed; in January of this year, 5.8 per cent was unemployed. In 1950 President Truman said, "A certain amount of unemployment, say from three to five millions, is supportable. It is a good thing that job-seeking should go on at all times; this is healthy for the economic body." But in 1958: "There are those who have been saying that a little recession is a good thing for the health of our economy. They would like you to believe that a temporary curb of prosperity is the way to halt runaway inflation. This kind of thinking is like believing a little bit of war might be beneficial." There's old Estes Kefauver, who said eight years ago: ". . . we must not permit a slight decline in economic activity to throw us into a panic"—and three months ago, "The nation's economy is sagging and sorely needs . . . invigorating stimulus. . . ."; and statements to match from Messrs. Humphrey, Keyserling, Douglas, *et al.*

The fact sheet is available (free, we assume) from the Republican National Committee at 1625 Eye Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Bear in mind that it is not an argument for proving that the present recession is no different from Mr. Truman's of eight years ago; it merely illustrates that, by Democratic rhetoric, 7.6 unemployment under Truman is healthy, 5.6 unemployment under Eisenhower is catastrophic.

Surrender to Decency?

One of the nine integrated Negro students at Little Rock Central High, Minnijean Brown, has been expelled for becoming embroiled in an altercation with a white student. The rights and wrongs of the disciplinary action are currently a matter for hot argument in Little Rock, and amid the clashing partisan claims it is difficult to get to the bottom of the incident. Appalled by the ugly atmosphere that has been created, the Little Rock School Board, which has been trying dutifully to make desegregation work, has finally thrown up its hands and petitioned the U.S. District Court to discontinue integration until such time as the Supreme Court's formula of "all deliberate speed" has been clarified.

Liberals have been quick to interpret this as a "surrender to racists." But, judging from the NAACP's own description of the "deliberate harassment of the Negro students inside Central H.S.," it is far more probable that the School Board has reached the humane conclusion that there is something indefensible in using children as pawns and guinea pigs in an experiment which, though it may have an idealistic end in view, is certainly depriving them of any chance to concentrate on studies. Whatever is happening at Little Rock's Central High this year, we are sure that education is not part of it.

Notes and Asides

NATIONAL REVIEW'S offices were robbed last week: We came in Monday morning to find Chaos. Every drawer, every filing cabinet had been opened. We took an inventory. Missing: $35 in cash, $17 in stamps. The thief (unapprehended) must have been terribly shook up at having spent so austere an evening in the offices of the organ of the Bloated Right. Undoubtedly he will stop to think. . . . We expect to get back eight of those thirty-five dollars one of these days.

Our Contributors: BEN RAY REDMAN ("By Their Letters . . .") , now a free-lance writer, has been a literary editor, a translator, a scenario writer and a motion picture executive. He is the author of several books, among them *The Pleasures of Peacock* and *Voltaire*. . . . IKE MCANALLY ("Let Me Out of Here") began his newspaper career in Texas, went on to the *Cleveland News,* then to the *New York Post.* For the past nine years he has been a writer for the *New York Daily News.* He has covered such sensational stories as the Ohio Penitentiary and Morro Castle fires, the Hauptmann trial and the Dutch Schultz murder trial.

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The Kohler Investigation

A Crown into the Hazard

L. BRENT BOZELL

There is no point in denying it, and no one bothers to try any more: the Senate Rackets Committee's investigation of the Kohler-UAW fracas is not an investigation at all but a political slugfest between men with different views about the social utility of Walter Reuther. With a few minor exceptions, the McClellan Committee has not discovered—nor is it going to—any "facts" about the four-year-old Kohler strike that it could not have picked up by reviewing the NLRB hearings on the subject, or, for that matter, the Sheboygan, Wisconsin, daily press. So what is it all about? Are the Republicans on the Committee out to "get Reuther," as some Democrats say? Are the Democrats and their counsel "trying to protect Reuther," as Senator Goldwater has suggested?

Both of these things are true—more or less; but they oughtn't to be asserted without elaboration. The Republican Committee members (let us leave Senator Ives out of this, since his interests tend to run with the other side) are anxious to focus public attention on the major offenses of Big Labor. These, they insist, have little to do with Dave Beck's running off with union funds or with Johnny Dio's dealings with the underworld—the kind of thing the Committee has been devoting its time to so far. The evil, as they see it, is that a small number of labor bosses have an economic and political stranglehold on millions of workingmen throughout the country as the result of compulsory unionism and other techniques that tend to concentrate power at the top. Senators Mundt, Curtis and Goldwater are serious, conscientious legislators who understand the problem and who think that in the interests of the commonweal it should be solved. They are also, let us remember, Republicans who know that the very considerable resources of the labor monopoly are by and large at the disposal of Democrats.

Now, it so happens that the Kohler matter bears only indirectly on the problem of labor's monopoly power, and thus only indirectly on the remedial legislation—*e.g.*, a federal right-to-work law—that the Senators might have in mind. What the Kohler story can demonstrate—and demonstrate tellingly—is that organized labor, specifically the UAW, resorts to violence and lawlessness in order to get its way. But it is another step in the argument to attribute these offenses to centralized power. The step is easy to negotiate, but the Kohler-type evidence is not going to be of any help with that step.

Nor will the Committee's inquiry prove the need for legislation forbidding the specific offenses the UAW has committed at Kohler. These offenses are already forbidden by Wisconsin law and by the Taft-Hartley Act. The problem, at root, is how to deal with a force in society that has proved bigger than the law.

What the Kohler story *can* do—if it can ever get told to a larger audience than fits into a committee room—is to mobilize popular sentiment against the methods of Big Labor and thus create a popular demand for legislation equal to the problem. Republican Senators see Walter Reuther as a legitimate target for these purposes—both because he symbolizes the evil in question, and because he is the dictator of the UAW. In this sense, Senators Mundt, Curtis and Goldwater are engaging in what the Supreme Court has disparaged as "exposure for exposure's sake." Proving that the Supreme Court can be wrong in what it considers germane to the legislative process.

The Kennedys and Reuther

On the Democratic side, it is said that the Kennedy brothers, Senator Jack and Chief Counsel Bob, have "sold out" to Reuther—that they have agreed to take a dive in the Kohler affair in return for Reuther's backing of Brother Jack's 1960 Presidential aspirations. And the other Democrats on the Committee? Senator McNamara, everyone knows, was never *out* of Walter Reuther's hip pocket; while Senator Ervin and the Chairman, alas, have fallen under the domination of the chief counsel.

This latter charge—that Counsel Kennedy, rather than Chairman McClellan, is running the Rackets Committee—has been Washington talk for several months now. It makes very little sense. True, Bob Kennedy is a hard man to keep up with. And true, he has presented his busy chairman with more than one *fait accompli.* But those who conclude that Senator McClellan is led around by the nose mistake their man.

As for the charge that the Kennedys have sold out to Reuther, it may be true. But no one who has made the charge can prove it; and it is not warranted by the circumstantial evidence—at least not in the invidious sense that the Kennedys are beholden to Reuther, or have made a "deal" with him. Which is not to say, however, that the Kennedys and the other Democrats are indifferent to the amount of Reuther blood that gets spilled in the course of the inquiry.

The Committee's work must be viewed in the context of intra-party politics. The Democratic Party—let us take Senate Democrats as a microcosm—falls into three groupings. There are the Southern Democrats—everyone knows who they are and what their position is. There are the Left-Liberals of the North who are either beholden to Big Labor or sympathetic with its objectives. And there are the centrists who stand athwart the contesting wings and are determined to prevent a party breakup over ideology in 1960. They know that a labor nominee—Soapy Williams, for example—would drive the Deep-Southerners to a third-party ticket. And of course the Southerners do not have the strength to nominate a candidate of their own. The solution, for the centrists, is a candidate who would be acceptable to both wings; and at the moment it seems that no one but Senator Kennedy would fill the bill. Kennedy would soon cease to fill the bill, however, if the centrists on the Rackets Committee, Kennedy, Ervin and McClellan—and we must

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include Brother Bob—were to take an active part in carving up Walter Reuther. No *"deal"* that is to say, is needed to establish the kind of debtor-creditor relationship that debtor Reuther would be likely to take into account two years from now.

The objectives of Reuther and his "protectors" may, therefore, be very different: Reuther would like to prevent a public display of the UAW's dirty linen; his "protectors" would like to neutralize Reuther's political machine in 1960.

For these reasons, the Kohler "investigators"—all of them—are interested in a popular verdict, and only incidentally in a Committee verdict. And the record each side is trying to build is not in the official transcripts but in the public press. The Republicans have relied, for the most part, on the telling of the Kohler story. The Democrats have had to rely on "gimmicks"—examples will be noted below—designed to capture the headlines and the leads. The idea has been to drive the UAW's sins to the bottom, if not out of, the news columns. Due in part no doubt to the predilections of the press, the Democrats have, to date, had much the better of the battle.

The Testimony

The first day the Committee heard testimony from four witnesses. The head of the UAW local at Kohler, Allan Grasskamp, was on first. Grasskamp admitted that the UAW had mass-picketed Kohler and had prevented Kohler employees from going to work; that the international had sent people from Detroit to join the picket line; that the international had contributed about ten million dollars to the strike; that the Kohler workers who voted for the strike, though they represented 88 per cent of those voting, represented less than half of the local's membership and about 35 per cent of Kohler employees. But he denied personal knowledge of "violence." The remaining witnesses, Kohler employees, described their experiences—*e.g.*, a roughing up by the picketers, a beating, a kidnapping. The attention of the press, that first day, was elsewhere since Walter Reuther had held a press conference in the Senate Caucus Room before the hearings got under way, and had accused Senator Goldwater of being a "moral coward." Another item that attracted attention: Counsel Kennedy had interrupted the hearings to announce that the Committee planned soon to move in on gangsterism among coin-machine operators.

The second day the Committee heard three more Kohler employees tell their experiences, saw a Kohler film depicting mass picketing and violence, heard the former sheriff and former undersheriff of Sheboygan County explain (somewhat feebly at times) why they were unable to enforce the law. In the course of his testimony, former sheriff Mosch explained that he had been opposed to using firearms to enforce the law and had been urged by others, including the Governor, not to do so. Whereupon, Counsel Kennedy ventured: "Was there ever any suggestion that you use any firearms?" Sheriff Mosch's answer supplied the headlines for the morning papers. Yes, he had received such a suggestion—from the County Chairman of the Republican Party, no less! What's more, the Party "bounced me out" in 1956. Buried further down in the news accounts one could find Mosch's admission that he had accepted $300—almost a third of his campaign expenses—from the UAW at the height of the strike. And he had conceded at the hearings: "I suppose [there] could be" a connection between the acceptance of the UAW gift and the "bouncing."

The third day the Committee heard the Chief of Police of the Village of Kohler tell of his department's preparations for the impending strike, and of the difficulties of enforcing the law once the strike had begun. Chief Capelle recounted a series of pre-strike precautions—hiring more deputies; training them; taking custody of tear-gas equipment that Kohler Company officials had acquired in their capacity of deputy sheriffs.

"Did they have guns to shoot the tear gas with?" Counsel Kennedy wanted to know. They did indeed. Thereupon, this colloquy:

> THE CHAIRMAN: It takes a special gun, does it not?
> MR. CAPELLE: Yes, sir.
> THE CHAIRMAN: Give us some idea about it.
> MR. KENNEDY [impishly]: We have a gun downstairs.

Why, Senator Goldwater wondered, did the counsel want to display the gun when everyone admitted that company officials possessed the equipment lawfully, that they turned it over to public officials on request and that tear gas was never used in the strike?

"I just said that we had the gun downstairs, if you would like to see the gun," Kennedy replied pleasantly. "If nobody wants to see the gun, that is fine." Senator McClellan, however, wanted to have a look: he had "never seen one." In a matter of minutes, the Chairman was brandishing the ugly weapon before a battery of photographers. "Suppose," McClellan asked, that he wanted to scatter this audience in the committee room, "I would just shoot right into them and the gas would all spread out right here among the group?" "Yes, sir," said the Chief of Police.

Vainly

The counsel next suggested that inasmuch as the Committee was on the subject of the Police Department's preparations for the strike, it would certainly want to hear about the Kohler Company's preparations. Chief Capelle was asked to step down while Kennedy's ace investigator, Carmine Bellino, took the stand. Bellino had been sent to Sheboygan in January to look over the records of the company's arms purchases. As he read off the statistics—9,500 *rounds* of this caliber shell, 2,500 *rounds* of that caliber, so many shotguns, so many pistols, etc.—it appeared that Kohler was better prepared for the UAW than the U.S. was for Pearl Harbor. Vainly, Senator Goldwater pointed out that for years Kohler had maintained gun clubs for its employees—pistol, rifle and trap-shooting—and had always purchased ammunition for that purpose; that while part of this "arsenal" had undoubtedly been set aside for protection of Kohler property, the precaution was warranted in the light of the bloody 1934 strike; that none of it had been used in the present strike. Vainly, because the gentlemen of the press already had their stories—you read them: Kohler was plotting war.

(To be continued)

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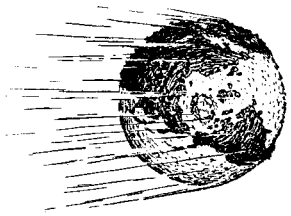

The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Summit This Summer?

For normal human beings a conference is a method for seeking agreement on complicated or disputed issues. For Communists a conference is a battle in their continuous war for world domination.

In classical Communist doctrine a conference is a forum from which to address the masses over the heads of their leaders. By joining in conference the imperialist enemy provides the Communists with a "neutral" platform of maximum resonance, and puts at the disposal of the Communist propagandists, masquerading as diplomats, all his organs of mass communication.

Through preliminary buildup and appropriate staging the Communists seek to heighten the conference's publicity value, and hence its chance for mass psychological penetration. To this end they have come to favor the barbarous practice of "summit meetings"—conferences, that is, of the heads of states. Summit meetings were a custom of primitive tribes and half civilized despotisms. Negotiations among great and responsible nations have normally been conducted by ministers, diplomats and professional agents, for the most part behind closed doors. Monarchs might occasionally get together to sign the formal treaty or proclaim a Holy Alliance; but this was for ceremonial purposes, to consummate by outward ritual the diplomatic work that had already been completed in fact.

A Political Flypaper

It was the egocentric professor and ideologue, Woodrow Wilson, who so disastrously started, at Versailles, the contemporary summit fashion which the Communists have so joyously adopted. Let Americans ponder what sort of bacon our four summiteering Presidents have brought home from their summits: Wilson, from Versailles; Roosevelt, from Teheran and Yalta; Truman, from Potsdam; Eisenhower, from Geneva.

The Communists have found that conferences, besides providing an incomparable world sounding board for propaganda, can be made to serve as political flypaper. The enemy becomes so entangled in the endless sticky rhetoric smeared by the Communists over the green baize that he is unable to carry on vigorous outside activity. He stops shooting, to talk for two years at Panmunjom; he slows his rearming and political warfare, to jabber and drink cocktails at Geneva. The Soviet spider meanwhile spins busily away at his expanding web.

Two Communist Objectives

The propaganda and entanglement (or smothering) potential of conferences—which can be realized almost as fully from the agitation *for* a conference as from the conference itself—is always useful. The current Communist campaign for a summit meeting pursues two further objectives.

First, it seeks to delay the establishment of operative intermediate range ballistic missile bases in Western Europe. The IRBM bases, especially in this period before the Soviet Union has achieved intercontinental missile capability that can bring the United States into target, are an almost intolerable strategic threat. This probably accounts for the current campaign's massive urgency, and for the progressing Communist concessions which, if not yet very substantial, are already well beyond precedent. It may be parenthetically noted that in Great Britain, the first scheduled location for IRBM bases, the Communists have succeeded in getting the Labor Party to take up the slogan: No final decision on bases until *after* a summit meeting!

Second, the Khrushchev regime needs a big-time summit meeting to help legitimize itself, not so much in the eyes of the outside world as of its own subjects. Marshal Zhukov, wartime pal of General Eisenhower, was the 1955 star at Geneva, and Malenkov was still a prominent performer. Both Malenkov and Zhukov went under the bridge last summer. The Khrushchev gang is now trying to run things on its own, but without any claim in law or morality or custom, without even Stalin's claim in blood. Any gangster's rule is strengthened if he can get his picture taken along with the Mayor, the Chief of Police and the Parson. It was not until Stalin drank and posed with Churchill and Roosevelt that he ceased appearing—and feeling—like an upstart.

Legitimization is a perennial problem for Bolshevism because the Bolsheviks are carrying on a permanent revolution. Continuously subverting the foundations of society, there is no established principle to which they can appeal in justification of their own power. But without such a justification they cannot avoid the anguish of insecurity that is the inevitable lot of all those whose position rests on power alone. Acceptance by the world's legitimate rulers can be a fairly adequate substitute for an inherent principle of legitimacy. The search, the at times almost desperate search, for this acceptance has been a recurrent Soviet theme since the civil war ended in 1920. There is a terrible irony in the fact that it is the Western leaders who, by the folly of diplomatic, social and cultural interchange, have conferred on the Bolshevik gangsters a legitimacy that by the nature of Bolshevism they cannot gain for themselves.

In its howling for a new summit meeting, then, the Kremlin faction wants: a loudspeaker for propaganda; a pillow for smothering Western policy; a brake on IRBM deployment; a prop to its own legitimacy. So all honor to John Foster Dulles for his naming the Soviet proposal a "hoax" and a "fraud"! And if, through our allies' and his boss' weakness, the meeting does nevertheless take place, let us trust that he will continue at its sessions to conduct himself with the same astringent rudeness.

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Communism, Democracy and Religion

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Democracy as such is not a fit antagonist of Communism, for it has no total vision. Religion has, however, and assaults upon it are self-indulgent, and extravagant. . .

The world is rent by a conflict between Communist governments attempting to conquer it and democratic regimes resisting them. Each side is inspired largely by belief in a value system which ultimately must rest on faith—on desire, hope, fear and trust rather than knowledge. Faith is a necessary element of religion also. Therefore we are told sometimes that what faces us is a religious conflict. Yet though religions require faith, faith does not require religion nor suffice for it. In fact, neither political ideology constitutes a religion. Democracy cannot rival religion at all; therefore it *can* be allied to it. Communism is a substitute which attempts to supersede religion and therefore *cannot* be allied to it.

As an alternative, Communism frequently inspires no less devotion than religion. It requires as much dogmatic belief and subordination to an apostolic succession of leaders who organize followers and direct their dedicated lives so that they perceive the world in terms of their faith. The dogma has eschatological features promising elimination of poverty, war, inequality and insecurity, depicted as the roots of evil and of unhappiness. (These latter two are equated.) Finally, Communism offers an interpretation of humanity's past career on earth, a prophecy of inevitable fulfillment in the Communist millenium and rules on transforming the present into that rosy future by means of revolution. Where Communism is established this faith functions as opiate; where it is to come, the vision is a powerful stimulant for the dedicated.

Between democratic creeds and religion, there are no such positive analogies. The element of faith that democracy has in common with religion is almost as far removed as the animal faith that lies behind the premises of scientific method. Though democracy historically has been combined with various "ways of life," it is not in itself a social system or a program for a good society and least of all a vision of earthly paradise. Democracy is no more than a set of rules to regulate competition for political power and to limit its extent so that citizens may remain able to decide who is to have it. Democracy, in short, merely institutionalizes political liberty. A program, however, is a proposal for a *particular use* of liberty. The more certain its proponents are that their vision is right, the less use they have for political liberty except where it helps to translate their program into power. Once they are in power, democracy becomes at best an unpleasant obligation to allow others to change the program and possibly to wrest power from their hands.

A lover who declines to bind himself to his beloved forever, and refuses even to profess exclusive love, will make her doubt his ardor and sincerity; his retention of freedom to change his mind might even shake her own devotion. A social program which does not propose to do away with democracy—*i.e.*, freedom to change one's mind—once that program is established, stands to lose passionate following; it becomes infected with rationality; and the shadow of alternative possibilities casts doubts. The conviction of the enthusiasts always weakens when they allow their revelation to be taken on probation: anyone who wants to retain political liberty in the face of millenial vision casts doubt on his acceptance of the vision. The socialist movement that accepted democracy, for instance, lost its original redemptionist character. The ideology dissolved into a series of proposals for rather minor reforms.[1] In short, democracy is incompatible with secular eschatologies. Either the redemptionist movement overthrows democracy or it gives up its eschatological passion.

Democracy's Potential Ally

Since democracy is an empty box which everyone may try to fill as long as he leaves the contents replaceable at the voters' wish, democracy can be allied to the religions it cannot aspire to replace. Through this alliance, democracy may gain the motivation of faith which it must lack itself. It need hardly be said that democracy would be inconsistent with religious movements working towards the establishment of a social order independent of the wishes of the voters. But the existing religions are compatible with democracy—as they are with any other political system which does not attempt to supersede them.[2]

Democracy's potential ally, religion, can hold people more fully and permanently than the Communist faith. No secular faith such as Communism can ultimately and permanently com-

[1] I'm not denying redemptionist residuals in the program, or in the motivation of followers. But they tend to wither away with socialist participation in the democratic process.

[2] Some interpretations of Roman Catholicism in the past made it inconsistent with democracy. Yet Roman Catholic practice today is quite compatible with democracy. There is in democratic countries no Roman Catholic discipline requiring the faithful to conspire in favor of a Roman Catholic totalitarianism. Consequently, the faithful can hold offices in a democracy and fulfill their official duties even when these require actions disapproved by the Church (*e.g.*, a Catholic judge may divorce a Catholic couple). Some Roman Catholic countries, such as Ireland and Italy, are democracies, others are governed by dictators. As have the Protestant and Jewish religions, so the one Roman Catholicism has been able to thrive and to ally itself with democracies and dictatorships able to tolerate it. The point is that all these religions can be allied with democracies but not with totalitarian Communism.

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fort the afflicted and those downtrodden by life, nature or society. Nor is secular faith sufficient to inspire charity and righteousness in those upon whom fortune smiles. For secularization deprives faith of the very essence of our relevant religious traditions: of a God beyond nature and history, of justice beyond society, of love beyond time and man. It is God's secret but just design, the fear of divine wrath, the hope of celestial compensation, the expectation of final judgment and of ultimate deliverance that make life and death emotionally intelligible and thus bearable. And it is these convictions, even if no longer held explicitly, that restrain impulses to injustice and despair.

Without divine mandate, the bond of charity cannot be justified. Yet that bond is needed to bind society together unless we give ourselves in bondage to oppression. Entirely secular ethics do not transcend the human condition, and are therefore almost necessarily utilitarian. But the benevolence of the English utilitarians came from their unacknowledged religious tradition. Without it, the Marquis de Sade is a paradigm of individual utilitarianism without benevolence; and Communism is merely a ruthless form of social utilitarianism.[8]

It is impossible to justify any social ethics by merely citing the utilitarian content of the Golden Rule. Society coheres with the help of unrequited sacrifices which only sacramental tradition can warrant. Ultimately violations of the social order are prevented by more than fear of being caught by the police—or they are not prevented. The hope and fear of supernatural justice makes it possible for earthly justice to be confined to a few marginal cases, special situations, personalities or groups. Without an end, life's temporary journey becomes ineluctably absurd. Anomie —lawlessness—is unavoidable when destiny is without destination, a series of aimless temporary stops. Transcendence is needed to give enough meaning to earthly fate, enough purpose to earthly action and comfort to earthly suffering to make life bearable and society viable as more than a series of accidents and an arbitrary exercise of power. Logically, of course, postulation of a celestial society over a mundane one may be only a step in an infinite regress (or progress: as you like). But psychologically it is the necessary and final step that takes us to people's horizon.

[8] That religion might not prevent ruthlessness history demonstrates all too abundantly. My contention is that religion can justify and help cultivate the bonds of human solidarity while secular ideologies cannot, however charitable the disposition of their authors. Religion does after all stem from "re-ligare"—to bind together.

Negative Effects of Education

Communism has to get along without religion. Democracy weakens itself unnecessarily by weakening religion mainly through excessive distribution of education. Democracies have been able to careen along largely on the momentum of the past, consuming religious tradition (using its bearers) without renewing it. We may well be left destitute of any of the heritage of faith. For, if it has any effects, education—as we practice it—tends to erode it continuously. (There is comfort, though slight, in the thought that education as we practice it nowadays might not have *any* effects.)

Education weakens religion by the multiplicity of ideas and ideals with which it confronts students. Further, sometimes by exploring the origin and psychological function of religious belief. For the genetic fallacy—that genesis is relevant to truth—is a logical fallacy but a psychological truth: genesis is relevant to *belief*. Intellectually able and gifted students may, after some confusion, understand and accept some more elegant version offered at the university of what they used to believe. Some even may be able to live with skepticism, without religion, and without despair.

But the effects of education on the less able—the great mass of the students of the present and future—are very largely negative. They remain bereft of the faith they had and unable to find a substitute which performs the integrating function. They are anxious and frustrated and all too easily prey to some socially dangerous secular faith. Ultimately this situation involves a dilemma: either education will be limited and we must teach only what is psychologically not harmful, or the number of students must be reduced selectively so that the potentially dangerous effects of education are confined to those really able to handle them profitably.

Homo Semi-Sapiens

Education, after all, was meant for those capable of being educated, not for those who at most can be led astray by it. If colleges were to make things as difficult as they really are, selection would be automatic. (Perhaps they should teach in Latin, or—it would have the same selective effect on faculty and students—in literate English.) As it is, we endanger the democracy we try to foster by creating its Nemesis: *Homo semi-sapiens,* who, unable to digest fully the fruits of knowledge, yet barred from a paradise forever lost (for having nibbled and lost his innocence) will ultimately resent the democracy which led to this—in contrast to the Original—*entirely* unhappy fall. Most of all, *homo semi-sapiens* will resent the cause of his fall, the serpents that made him bite off what he could not digest: professors and highbrows.

Meanwhile, however, the weakening of religion both weakens the fabric of democratic society, and deprives democracy of its strategic long-range weapon against the secularized faith of Communism. Yet our superiority is precisely in the *ultimate* superiority of religion over secularized faith. A sense of mission bounded by history may hold society together temporarily. Indeed, over a short period tactical enthusiasm for immediate reform or faith in the redemptory pie no longer in the sky but promised immediately, and which only needs to be taken away from the rich, may be stronger than strategic religious beliefs—just as alcoholic intoxication may strengthen one's short-run resolve more than regular nourishment.

But over a long period, secular faith of this sort must decay. It cannot keep its promise. And it cannot hide the disappointment and give hope for long. Though people may not rebel—rebellion presumes belief in something *better,* as well as a chance of success—they will lose their faith. With faith gone, their moral unity will be corroded. Thus Communism's initial momentum must falter. Once the people beguiled or compelled by Communism will have gained a scale

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of living that leaves room for thought, reflection, and doubt, they will notice the lack of spiritual nourishment. Communism cannot replace religion then. Yet unlike democracy, it cannot ally itself to religion.

The social advantages of religious belief were well described by Polybius, an early "functional" sociologist and historian, who wrote 150 years before Christ:

> The point in which, to my mind, the Roman constitution evinces its greatest superiority is the attitude adopted toward Religion. . . . If a community exclusively composed of intelligent beings were a practical possibility, such a policy might conceivably be unnecessary; but in fact the masses everywhere are unstable and instinct with such antisocial passions as irrational temper and homicidal fury, and there is therefore no means available for holding them in check except unseen terrors and the mummery of Superstition. From this point of view, I feel that there was nothing random or irresponsible in the policy of our forefathers when they introduced among the masses the conceptions of Religion and the notions regarding Hell, and that it is far more irresponsible and irrational of the present generation to expurgate these ideas. One of the many unfortunate consequences of this false step may be seen in the fact that, in Hellenic countries, when even so trifling a sum as one talent of public money is entrusted to persons in official positions, the latter are controlled by ten countersignatures and as many seals and twice that number of witnesses and are still incapable of being faithful to their trust; whereas, in Rome, public men handle vast sums of money in the administration or on diplomatic missions upon the sole security of their personal oath, and are still faithful to their duty. In other countries, it is rare to find an individual who keeps his hands off the public purse and can show a clean record in this respect. In Rome it is equally rare to see anyone convicted of such malpractices.

Some object to a discussion of the social function of religion, such as the foregoing; apparently they believe that it amounts to a reduction of religion to its social function. Nothing could be further from my mind. Immanuel Kant's definition of marriage as mutual monopolization of the use of genitalia; or Ambrose Bierce's definition of a violin as "an instrument to tickle human ears by friction of a horse's tail on the entrails of a cat" are reductions: they define by reducing to a necessary constituent which is not sufficient and above all omits the most important if most elusive elements. A man who on looking at the *Palazzo della Signoria* in Florence thinks about what it cost, and how good the plumbing is, is not "wrong." He is, of course, insensitive and incongruous when he thinks of it only in terms of money and plumbing. And he will be wrong when he *defines* this, or any, building exclusively in these terms, *i.e.*, if he universalizes his own lack of esthetic sensitivity. On the other hand, there is nothing unreasonable in considering the purely legal, or physical or financial aspects of marriage, violins or the *Palazzo della Signoria* or religion—as long as they are not ***reduced*** thereto.

Beyond Science

Polybius was sure that religion, though useful, is a deception. Yet to call all religion deceptive, we must know that nothing can exist that cannot be inter-subjectively and rationally ascertained and comprehended. But why should the cosmos be necessarily so arranged that its total magnitude and contents cannot exceed our rational or perceptive capacities? and that we can perceive all that exists in an objective manner, to boot? How indeed can we ever be sure by scientific means that nothing beyond the reach of science exists? That there can be no more than what the vessel of our senses is capable of holding? than human reason can explain? (What curious results if some other species—*e.g.*, deep-sea fish—were to hold such presumptions!) Doubtless scientific method is our only means for noting past uniformities in nature and making predictions. In one sense of the word at least what cannot be known by science cannot be known. To say, however, that what is not known, or cannot be known (in this limited sense) cannot *exist*, or *ever* be experienced, is like a color-blind man saying that colors cannot exist or cannot be experienced. There is in science nothing to disprove the claim of religion—that there is something beyond the reach of science.

Is the present erosion of religion reversible then? Only the future will tell. It cannot be reversed mechanically. To believe requires more than the knowledge that the belief has not been disproved. Whether the capacity will be regained, we don't know. The need alone does not produce it. Those intellectuals who, seeing the need, decide on its account to believe, are engaging in an impious self-deception: they confuse a need with its satisfaction. To believe is not an act of the human will alone. Those who realize their inability to believe and thereupon deny the need engage in the opposite deception. Potency is not necessarily achieved by wanting it—but incapacity is no ground for finding potency undesirable. Democrats should support religion whether believers or not, wherever this can be done effectively by external means.[4] The idea, finally, that one who does not believe has no right to hope that others will, strikes me as absurd. It is like saying that one who is blind has no right to subsidize ophthamology or to suggest that others who can be helped by them wear glasses.

[4] For instance, supporting religious schools even with public funds, or in fact any reasonable private education. And by many other means.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Hungarians Today

Recently a slender volume of poems by young Hungarian revolutionaries has been translated into German. Only a year and a quarter has passed since that fateful October 1956; yet this publication comes as a minor shock to many a forgetful soul. For much has happened in the meantime, and we have all been preoccupied—with artificial earth satellites, the Arab Union, the government of Venezuela, the second Dutch tragedy in Indonesia, President Eisenhower's illness, Tunisian independence . . .

The Hungarian revolution may be forgotten, but its refugees are with us still and so are their problems. Some of these people fought actively for liberty, and fled because staying on would have meant certain death. Others fought, too, but stayed on nevertheless, hoping to survive. (Some did, some didn't.) And some who fought and fled returned later, devoured by homesickness and unable to face life abroad. Then there were those who loved life in the Free West but decided nevertheless that it was their duty to return and to see things through at home.

Most of the refugees, however, fled from their country not because they were liable to execution or deportation but merely because they were fed up with the insecurity and inhumanity of the Communist way of life. And last but not least, there came a number of ne'er-do-wells and adventurers. Having been literally uprooted by collectivization and industrialization, all these people had to leave behind was probably a rickety bed, a shabby chest, a few books, some worn clothes.

About one third of the refugees who came out last year are still in Austria. It must be said, however, that with the exception of those who participated actively in the revolution, the majority of the true Hungarian elite are still in Hungary and are "sticking it out." Any real elite usually has deep roots, contrary to the attitude of certain refugees in America during World War II who were prone to treat as "traitors to democracy" all those who refused to leave their native soil if it had fallen under totalitarian rule. (Admittedly there were people, especially those persecuted for racial reasons, who simply had no choice between flight and virtual suicide.)

I know men and women who are still living in Hungary and who refuse to quit. There's the doctor in Kecskemet who says flatly that as a physician he has no right to leave his patients and that as a practicing Catholic his primary duty is to be a witness for Christ and His Church—on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain. There is the old nobleman who has become a farmhand for one of the local peasants in order to stay near the castle from which he was evicted —a man of 65 working in the rice fields, in water up to his knees. There is the writer (now silenced), who breeds guinea pigs, rats, and rabbits for university laboratories; and the young, cultured lady, a war widow, who has done a stretch of six years in a Communist prison. She had been employed by a "trust" and at some function had refused to drink a toast to Stalin's health. She has suffered so much for her country that she has no desire to live among strangers in exile. Interestingly enough, her brother and cousin did not actively participate in the rising. "They—the West—sold us down the river in 1945 and 1947," they reasoned coolly. "They'd never lift a finger to liberate us now—unless they were themselves attacked. Now it is our nation's primary duty to survive."

Eyes on America

And what about the exiles? To be quite frank, the American contribution toward their settlement has not overly impressed Europeans. The United States took in only a few more than twice as many as the Swiss—37,000. If the United States had invited proportionally as many Hungarian refugees as Switzerland the number would have been 560,000. Had it followed the Austrian pattern there would be 1,300,000 Hungarian exiles in the United States. Of course, the American monetary contribution has been considerable, but the funds are now running dangerously low.

Needless to say, the Hungarians could not always be fitted easily into the Western World. This is especially true of the younger generation, which grew up in a totalitarian dictatorship that destroyed all personal initiative and openly propagated sexual immorality; a generation whose hatred was directed against two things: the state, and work. To *look* for a job (and not to be ordered to it); to come to work on time (even if one was not threatened with arrest for staying in bed a little longer); to handle tools carefully and not to ruin them willfully (because they do not belong to the hated state); to be frank, direct, and industrious (because one is a free agent and has to work out one's own destiny and security); all this has to be learned or relearned by these young people. It is not an easy lesson, for it means that one has to cease to be a grown-up child—"ideal man" in a Communist society—in order to become an adult.

The Hungarians in exile—and their hosts—still have problems galore, material as well as spiritual. Take the tragic case of the Hungarian university students in Austria: Suddenly, in the middle of the academic year, they have been notified that their UN scholarships will cease next month. Frantic efforts are being made to get immediate aid. (Only the Spanish are willing to take a large number of these students, while Norway and Uruguay have agreed to take a few.) The Hungarian highschool-colleges in Austria, designed to keep the national spirit of the enslaved Magyars alive, are also menaced with liquidation for lack of funds. What the free world obviously needs are not Austrian-trained refugees scheduled for denationalization, but citizens of a *Free Hungary abroad.* And again, I dare say, all eyes are automatically turned toward America, champion of the Free World. Will they be turned in vain?

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Let Me Out of Here

Where Mr. McAnally earns his daily bread, one in ten may work without joining the union; but the rest are prisoners of the union shop

IKE McANALLY

I am inside a union shop looking out through bars. My detention is authorized by Taft-Hartley as a substitute for the old closed shop from which that law was supposed to rescue me. The difference is that whereas, in theory, I was forced to accept incarceration in the closed shop before I could get a job, I now, in actual practice, must remain locked up inside the union shop in order to keep my job. (I know that my union shop is a decimated version; but I am one of the condemned. I do not say Taft-Hartley makes my predicament mandatory; but only that by leaving the union shop legal, the law marks me as legitimate prey for any labor organization asserting authority over me. And I do say: Here I am!)

The shop of which I am a protesting subject—the American Newspaper Guild—not only exercises economic dominion over me but seeks to control my political destiny and that of my nation as well. It represents views so far to the left of my own as to cause me angry embarrassment. In my behalf in the past it has made special awards to persons I considered traitors to my country. It attempts to regiment me into a camp against which, in a showdown, I would bear arms.

I believe I have heard all the arguments in favor of my forcible detention, including the one about how my prison in reality is a stockade; and how if allowed to wander out alone, I will be dry-gulched by my employer, the *Daily News* of New York City.

Now, I am loyal to my paper which I consider to have the highest principles of any in the nation; loyal, also, to those who have come up through its ranks to become its management. I have no fear of them and need no protection from them.

Nor am I reconciled to my durance by the taunt that I participate readily enough in loot wrested from my employer. I do this because I am compelled. Given freedom to choose, I would insist upon foregoing all benefits obtained for me through the intervention of third parties. I could do at least as well for myself and for my paper (while admittedly doing less to further the intrenched interests of the third parties) if allowed to earn my way along as an individual employee. As it is I am leveled with deadwood throughout the shop, all secured in their jobs by the protection they pay for that purpose. They are a constant drain on my employer who must maintain them in featherbedded mediocrity with operating funds which otherwise might be used to reward incentive and enterprise.

Despite what the Guild contract may stipulate, I am convinced that none of us may any longer aspire to higher earnings through merit without saddling the paper with at least the risk of having to raise the wages of all others in the same category, the nature of the keeper and of the kept being what it is.

Time was when a reporter could devote as many hours to a story as he wished without having to dump overtime charges on his City Desk. Today if he finds he needs extra time to do the kind of reporting he owes himself as a newspaperman proud of his calling, he must do it on the sly, else the Guild may bring both him and his paper up on charges.

I was conscripted into the Guild when it was part of the domain of Walter Reuther, who later led his CIO, to which the Guild belonged, into a merger with the AFL in a deal no less obvious because it was secret.

Besides being heir presumptive to the mantle of George Meany as president of the AFL-CIO, Reuther is National Vice Chairman of an organization with the impertinence to call itself Americans for Democratic Action. With his leadership I have an unremitting quarrel. I trust neither his judgment nor his ambition. I am convinced that what is good for Walter Reuther and the ADA is bad for my country, the country of the individual subjects of Reuther's United Auto Workers as well.

I had rather pay shakedown to some furtive AFL overlord, if it ever came to that, than remain in the domain of a CIO adventurer who is at the same time a political idiot.

But whatever the future holds, I want out of here. I want to be sprung by anybody—anyone at all. Help!

(Reprints of this article are available at 15 cents each, 100 for $10.00. Address Department R, NATIONAL REVIEW, *211 East 37th St., New York 16, N.Y.)*

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A School for Learning Only

Where bright students cover the four-year high school curriculum in half that time, though without the advantage of "snap" courses and a campus

ABE KALISH

One half mile from the White House, less than a block from President Eisenhower's church, there is an unpretentious looking school, doing a nice business despite its lack of what the educationists call "cultural" essentials. Its plant consists of two small fifty-year-old buildings; no campus, no gymnasium, no lounge rooms, no swimming pool, no spacious corridors, not even a cafeteria. In place of these modern necessaries of a well-rounded educational establishment, it has a corps of top quality teachers, a proven program of accelerated study and a rigidly adhered to set of standards. With this equipment the school does a good job of educating the bright youngsters who find the public school no challenge to their gifts.

Emerson Institute was originally established in 1852 to train boys for Harvard College exclusively. Its stated object was "to furnish the foundation of a solid education. Its policy is to make its honors testimonials of merit, and not a certificate of attendance in a prescribed course of instruction." The Institute has managed to live up to this nineteenth-century formula, despite later "improvements" in education, and can point with pride to its achievements.

However, of particular pertinence at the present juncture in American education, burdened as it is with problems, is Emerson's accelerated program, instituted sixteen years ago. It is designed to cover in a four-month term as much academic ground as a public high school covers in a full year. Emerson boys and girls, therefore, can complete the usual four-year college preparatory course in half that time.

This means hard work, of course. Students attend classes almost without interruption from 8 A.M. to 4 P.M., five days a week. This school day is stretched to ten or twelve hours by a minimum requirement of three hours of home study. Figuring only classroom attendance, 120 hours is devoted to each subject in the curriculum.

There are no social or extra-curricular activities at the Institute. According to its catalogue, the student is expected "to take pleasure in the adventure of study." This statement may strike the sophisticated as "corny," but it does describe exactly the attitude the student must take if he is to meet the standards set by the school.

The Aim—Perfection

The curriculum is completely devoid of "snap" courses. Nine of the sixteen subjects offered are required. These include four courses in English, two in mathematics, one in science, American history and U.S. Government. For electives the student may choose only from courses in advanced English, higher mathematics, more science, languages, economics and history. About the only thing Emerson offers its students is learning.

The grading system is frequently a shock to the boy or girl fresh out of public school when the first examination papers are returned. What they used to consider a good mark, 75 per cent, is equivalent at Emerson to a "D," almost failure. The school is not satisfied with work that is half right or mostly right; its aim at least is perfection, with only a slight concession to human frailty. To be allowed to take the second course in any subject the student must receive at least 85 per cent, or a "C," in the first course. To win his diploma he needs an average of 90 per cent, or "B," in all of his subjects. An "A" represents 95 or better.

These are high standards, to be sure, and are bound to occasion a bit of grumbling. But, somehow the students at Emerson prefer these standards to those in vogue at the public schools. There are few backsliders.

Such a concentrated curriculum and such performance requirements call for a teaching staff of high caliber. The Institute's instructors are not particularly well-drilled in methodology or pedagogical theory, but they do know the subjects they are teaching. The masters' and doctors' degrees they own represent proficiency in subject matter rather than in technique, and their background experience may just as well be in industry or the professions as in teaching.

The salaries received by these teachers are about the same as those paid to public high school teachers in the area, yet the school does not suffer from a shortage. Each year Emerson receives at least a hundred applications from trained professionals, indicating that what the country lacks is not teachers but opportunities for conscientious men and women to give expression to their talents. Schools like Emerson attract the best.

Emerson Institute is a private school, in competition with other private schools and with the public high schools, and operating on a profit basis. Its tuition fee of $375 a term seems to be enough to cover all expenses and to yield the owner what he considers a satisfactory net. And yet this fee is about the same as it costs the American taxpayer to send a child to a public school for one year.

To be sure, the parent who patronizes Emerson—or any other private school—is doubly taxed; that is, he pays the usual school taxes plus the tuition fee of the school of his choice. But, unjust as this may be, is it not better to suffer the injustice than to penalize the bright child? After all, one can put off buying a new car for another year or two, but one cannot defer the education of the child.

Can a public high school start an accelerated program for the benefit of those children who are capable of managing it? It could—but that subject, because of its political aspects, leads us afield. The successful Emerson experiment should suggest to public-spirited Americans and anxious parents the setting up of similar schools wherever there are qualified students, and that means all over the country.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Who Accredits Accreditors?

Up here in my neck of the woods, a certain high-school superintendent assures doubting taxpayers and parents that their school enjoys the highest accreditation-rating of the North Central Association and of the University of Michigan. It does. It has an "enriched curriculum": plenty of sports, and extra-curricular clubs, and "serving the community," and teachers who enroll every summer in more education-courses. These are the things the accreditors approve. Modern cooking-stoves in the home-economics room, too, and a handsomely-equipped woodshop.

Yet what this high school offers for the mind is suggested in a letter I received not long ago from a genuine professor who had occasion to visit, officially, this institution:

> We saw less than we were entitled to see because the school determined to hold "Swing Out Day" the day of our visit. This ceremony occupied the whole of the afternoon, and I could not escape the impression that we were seeing something of an educational Potemkin village. . . . I found the teaching poor, pedestrian, and uninspired. The students were better-than-average students, but they were permitted to be slack and lazy. Everyone recited with his or her book open. The teaching-technique hardly reveals that most of these people have spent hours of valuable time in second-rate education courses, learning teaching-technique. And I found in my discussion with the teachers afterward that they were not very open to suggestion or criticism. I met one good teacher, who was teaching part-time.
>
> I found that there was insufficient emphasis on social science subjects. These subjects were not called by their correct names, and I can only suspect that the course in civics which is required by state law was in fact a course in the "socialization of the individual." . . . . I note that the school offers a course in "outdoor recreation."

Let us call this Podunk High School. Podunk is fully accredited by the North Central Association and the University of Michigan. The pamphlets on standards of accreditation published by these two agencies, incidentally, are almost indentical, and they agree that the primary purpose of a school is to teach young people "to learn to live with all the world."

But don't get the notion that the NCA and the UM (the University's College of Education, really) would accredit just any institution. They recently struck off their list of accredited high schools, indeed, an offending school: Holland Christian High School, Holland, Michigan. This is a part of Schools for Christian Education, supported by members of the Dutch Reformed Church at Holland; with these schools is closely associated a good liberal-arts college, Hope.

Holland Christian is well known in Michigan for high academic standards. In the three years that National Merit Scholarships have been offered, Holland students have obtained a total of nine awards: this in a senior high school of some 750 students. Most pre-college graduates of Christian finish with seventeen or eighteen curriculum units to their credit, rather than the required fifteen. Even one of the educationists at the UM who disaccredited Christian, a Dr. Lewis, stated that "he believed that the reputation of the Holland Christian High School throughout the state among educators was of such high caliber that it should not retreat from a pattern of good general education."

Yet Christian was stricken from the list of accredited schools because it refused to obey the UM and NCA in establishing their "pattern of good general education." What did Christian lack? Two subjects: shop and homemaking. The Dutch Reformed community felt that these subjects were unnecessary, possibly undesirable, and prohibitively expensive for a school without state assistance. Now the principal purpose of accreditation by the UM and the NCA is to obtain admission of a school's students to colleges and universities without written examination. Homemaking and shop are not subjects required of entering freshmen by any university or college. Yet the NCA officials had established a curious criterion of accreditation: "An educational program which is concerned only with preparation for college can no longer be considered an adequate offering for a school, although preparation for college should continue to be one function of secondary education." In order to be certified for admission to college, in short, you must go to a high school which is only incidentally interested in preparing students for college studies.

These Michigan educationists are not going to rest on their laurels. Their next avowed target is the University of Detroit High School—a Jesuit institution—from which some 90 per cent of the students go on to college. This high school is devoted wholly to preparation of young people for college. The Bureau of School Services at the UM is going to put a stop to that or know the reason why.

It is not pure chance that the rigor of these educationists has been exercised against church-connected schools. There ought to be a monopoly of education by the state, the disciples of John Dewey tell us: one uniform system, "educating for democracy"—totalist democracy. One way to get rid of pestilent church-connected schools is to force them to spend beyond their means upon "fringe" activities, or else to disaccredit them. After a dose of this, they may be happy to go out of business. So Podunk High School, which has a wretched library but dutifully celebrates Swing Out Day, receives the highest praise of these accreditors; while Holland Christian High School, with a long-established reputation for sound scholarship, is cast into outer darkness.

Why does the University of Michigan accredit a crew of anti-intellectual doctrinaires as its official accreditors? And why do the colleges and high schools of the North Central Association endure the arrogant sloganizing of a tight little knot of doctors of education?

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By Their Letters . . .

BEN RAY REDMAN

Famous authors are not always good letter writers, but when they are their letters are interesting and valuable, not only for their own sakes, but for the light they throw on the more formal writings that have brought the author's fame. Revealing the man or woman behind the prose or poetry, they help us to understand how the prose or poetry came to take the shape it did. Recently three such revelatory collections have been published: *Marcel Proust: Letters to his Mother,* translated and edited by George D. Painter, with an essay by Pamela Hansford Johnson (Citadel, $4.00); *Letters of Ellen Glasgow,* selected and edited by Blair Rouse (Harcourt, $6.75); and *The Selected Letters of D. H. Lawrence,* edited with an introduction by Diana Trilling (Farrar, $4.50).

These collections serve to remind us—if we need reminding—that there are many mansions in the house of literature, providing habitations for the most widely various guests. They may also serve to remind, or inform, "educationists" of the fact that creative human beings, the pride and vindication of our species, are almost always so constituted as to guarantee their ignominious flunking of any course in "life adjustment" or "social integration." Proust's life, homosexuality apart, was abnormal from beginning to end. Ellen Glasgow thought of her life as a prolonged tragedy, despaired of her age, and felt she was almost never understood. Lawrence lived out his life searching for a home he could not find, yearning towards friends he could never hold, and dreaming of a new religion he would never find. Suffering, of one kind or another, plagued all three.

PERHAPS it was the most absurdly maladjusted of them all, Marcel Proust, invert and perpetual invalid, noctambule and sleeper by day, who came to the most amicable terms with his destiny. Perhaps, indeed, he even found masochistic enjoyment in his grotesque manner of existence and his continuous ill health. Ellen Glasgow, certainly no masochist, was saved from suicidal despair by a sturdy belief in her gifts that made possible the therapy of sustained work. As for Lawrence, muddled mystic and word-master, who saw himself as a non-Christian saint and often behaved like a sadist, the flame of his egotism—or should we say genius?—was hot enough to defy the coldest blasts with which the world could buffet him. Men might crucify him, but he was certain they could not interdict his glorious resurrection.

Proust's letters to his mother, buttressed by two introductory papers, confirm much that we have known or half-known. The love that they reveal was passionate to a degree that makes the word "filial" inadequate and even inapt. During his first thirty-four years, that is until Mme. Proust's death in 1905, Marcel's dependence upon his mother was almost as complete as if the umbilical cord had never been cut. When they were separated he wrote to her daily; when they were under the same roof he wrote to her nightly, driven by a compulsion, as he expressed it, "to give you the exactest possible idea of what I am doing."

More often than not his doings were concerned with the state of his health and his methods of dealing with it. To his *chère petite maman* went daily, even hourly, reports regarding his stomach, bowels and heart; his use of sleeping drugs, "fumigations" and enemas; his chills, sweats and fevers. To her, also, went constant demands for advice and instruction. How much should he tip a hotel servant at Fontainebleau? Was he being charged too much for his laundry at Evian? (Questions asked by a man nearly thirty!) In Proust's tireless preoccupation with his own sensations and thoughts, and with the most trivial details of his daily life, we see foreshadowed the inexhaustible patience and interests of the novelist who was to spin the immensely complicated, viscous web of his morbid masterpiece. In scraps of society gossip and a few sketched portraits, in certain incidents and many names belonging to the originals of future fictional characters, we touch in advance some of the stuff of *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu.*

In his relation to his mother Proust remained a child. But, as a child so often is, he was also a tyrant. She was not only his adored *maman,* she was his slave. Occasional insubordination on her part meant hysterical reproaches on his. He could strike as well as kiss. He could accuse her of loving him only when he was ill, of wishing to keep him ill. Seldom has a son asked so much of a mother, seldom has a mother endured so much from a son.

ELLEN GLASGOW's letters tell us things that her posthumously published autobiography did not, and they fail to reveal a great deal that *The Woman Within* exposed. They inform us regarding the writing and publication of her novels, her literary ambitions and opinions, disappointments, successes, travels, friends. They only hint at the tragedies that darkened her life, the love affair that illuminated it, and the discreet but troubled relationship that lasted for twenty years.

The portrait to be drawn from the letters is that of a woman of intelligence and common-sense, consider-

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able worldly wisdom, great talent and industry, courage, self-discipline, acute sensitivity, deep feeling, vanity and charm. We learn, too, that this Richmond gentlewoman was not unversed in the robust art of log-rolling; and the record of her dealings with publishers reminds us that, while her mother was "a perfect flower of the Tidewater," her father was a Scotch-Calvinist ironmaster.

If Miss Glasgow is but partially revealed in her correspondence, the revelation of Lawrence is complete. He stands naked. (Diana Trilling's selection, it should be remarked, is slim compared to the fat Aldous Huxley collection of Lawrence's letters, but it is self-sufficient and includes essential names and explanatory notes that are sadly missing from the larger volume.)

Seldom has a man been so shameless as Lawrence in his exhibition of himself, and what he fails to show us consciously is shown unconsciously. Here is the mystical believer in the "wisdom" of the "blood" and the "flesh," the hater of democracy and liberty, the would-be founder of a new social order, the neurotic who at one time saw sexual intercourse as a return to the womb and a form of incest, and, at another time, as a way to God. Here is the creative artist possessed by his *daemon,* the husband of Frieda, the sick man of immense physical courage and stamina; here is the writer miraculously in tune with all non-human existence, who saw men and women through the dark, distorting lens of his own character. Here is the megalomaniac, whose charm could be magical, who drove friend after friend from his side, while crying out that he had been betrayed. Here is the prophet who declared that "Christ was profoundly, disastrously wrong," and who aspired to replace Christianity with a truer faith of his own devising. Here, above all, is the self-deceived human being who recognized, hated, and denounced in others the very traits that were dominant in himself.

Here, finally, is the driven creature, forever homeless, the last words of whose last published letter are heavy with retrospective and comprehensive significance — "This place no good."

Peals of a Gigantic Tocsin

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Of all the strange occupations that have sprung up in this Age of Specialization, surely one of the strangest is the exposure of treason. Individual traitors are no novelty in history; every century and every nation has had its share. But only since the growth of the deadly notion that a man's mind is a tribunal superior to any law derived from governments or God, have large numbers of men joined hands to betray, in conscious stealth, the lands of their birth. And only in the United States, thus far, has this tremendous fact encountered even a handful of men prepared to face it and cope with it.

Most of the knowledgeable anti-Communists among us are themselves ex-Communists. They know what Communism intends to accomplish, because they themselves once intended to accomplish it. They understand how a Communist thinks and acts, because they too once thought and acted that way. The rest of us, however militantly anti-Communist we may be, find the Communist mind hard to conceive, and even harder to credit. Our moral distance from it blurs our vision.

Here and there, however, a few non-Communist Americans have studied the Communist menace deeply, and have come to know it well. Of these, none knows it better than Robert Morris, whose first book, *No Wonder We Are Losing* ($2.50), has just been published by The Bookmailer.

Adopting the method of Defoe's *Memoirs of a Cavalier* and the Churchillian chronicles, Morris strings the history of Communist subversion in America upon a colorful thread of personal reminiscence—the absorbing story of his own career as a specialist in the investigation of treason. Although he is only 43, he has seen at first hand most of the crises in America's desperate struggle to rid itself of the Communist cancer: the 1940 investigation of Communism in the New York schools by the Rapp-Coudert Committee, which he served as assistant counsel; the onward flow of the Red tide in government, which he watched helplessly as an officer in Navy Intelligence during the war; the frantic whitewash of the original McCarthy charges by the Democratic majority on the Tydings Committee, where he acted as counsel for the Republican minority; and finally, like the peals of a gigantic tocsin, the monumental investigations of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, under his guidance as chief counsel, into such topics as the Institute of Pacific Relations, "Subversive Influence in the Educational Process," and "Scope of Soviet Activity in the United States."

Here, in straightforward prose, are the names, dates and places that make the story of Communist subversion not only understandable but irresistibly fascinating. Here is the saga of Owen Lattimore and his fellow-wreckers of Nationalist China; of David Weintraub and the fantastic rats' nest of American Communists in the UN; of Harry Bridges and his unbreakable grip on the Hawaiian Islands. And here too are revealing glimpses of the fools (and worse) who have made such Communist triumphs possible: of Adlai Stevenson, only a subordinate Navy official in 1942, but already in a characteristic tizzy over whether to retain Communist radio operators in the merchant marine; and of Dean Acheson, urbanely assuring Congress as late as March 1947 that the Chinese Nationalist government needed no military aid, since it "is not threatened with defeat by the Communists."

In a technical sense, no doubt, little of this material is new. In scores of theoretically available files; in forgotten corners of hundreds of offices and libraries; in the published testimony of thousands of witnesses (more than 500 of whom were questioned by Morris himself)—the truth may be found, gathering dust. But not one American in a million knows where to look for it. Morris knows, and has looked—and this is his report.

In 1956 and 1957, during his second tour of duty as chief counsel to the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, I had the privilege of working

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with Morris daily. The word "dedicated" is so abused that I hesitate to use it to describe him; but no other will do. Deeply informed, constantly vigilant, utterly tireless, he prodded overworked and often timid Senators into a regimen of legislative hearings that kept a substantial part of America's Communists breathless, frightened and impotent.

For a time, moreover, he seemed to lead almost a charmed life. While Red-hunting Senators like McCarthy, Jenner, McCarran, Welker and Eastland were being battered to pieces by the Communists and their Liberal allies, and staff members like Roy Cohn, Jim Juliana and David Schine were being pulped by the same forces in their left-over rage and hatred, Morris pressed steadily onward, seemingly immune to criticism. But this supposed immunity was only an illusion, caused by Morris' superb adroitness. When Canadian envoy Herbert Norman committed suicide in Cairo in April 1957, and the newspaper theory was that "unsubstantiated charges" by the Subcommittee had caused him to take his life, the Liberal Establishment unlimbered its big guns and proved that it had not forgotten Robert Morris. The ensuing bombardment made propaganda history, and failed only because it soon became clear that Morris, careful lawyer that he is, had made no "unsubstantiated charges."

Now retired from the Subcommittee a second time; and back in his native New Jersey with his family, Morris completed this book and then declared himself a candidate for the Republican Senatorial nomination this year. Behind him, the Senate has slashed the budget of the Internal Security Subcommittee to $209,000—or slightly less than the Ford Foundation gave, in 1956 alone, to the School of Business Administration of the University of Rangoon. Ahead of him lies a hard campaign, and—win or lose—a life wholly devoted to his country. His friendly Irish face is somber these days, and often has a worried expression as he watches his rollicking sons and little daughter. Small wonder! They say that Dante, after his return from Hell, never smiled again.

In Coming Issues

Willi Ley will review several current books on satellites and space flight.

John A. Lukacs will review *Philadelphia Gentlemen* by E. Digby Baltzell.

Architecture

Space and Form in Manhattan

FINIS FARR

William Rutherford Mead, last surviving member of the architectural firm of McKim, Mead and White, died in 1928. He was thus spared the sight of the enormous metal flange, 50 feet high by 350 feet long, which was recently hung in the main room of his firm's master-work, the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Speaking for myself, I got an unpleasant shock as I came down the escalator from the Seventh Avenue arcade, and saw this huge object for the first time. It forms an indoor roof for the new ticket facilities which have been built across the passage through which travelers formerly entered the concourse, thus forcing them to left and right from the natural axis of the building. Since the designers modeled the great room on the Tepidarium of a Roman bath, and the suspended rim is World's Fair Modern, the effect is one of excruciating discord. And it is hard to see the railroad's reason for such a savage assault on visual harmony.

Some have advanced the theory that the Pennsylvania, desperate under its load of red tape and taxes, has in this threatening edge of metal symbolically placed a knife at its own throat. I could sympathize with the railroad officials if this was their symbolic meaning, but of course nothing of the sort was intended. The spoiling of the splendid room means only that a new architectural age has arrived in New York City, and that those landmarks which are too massive for immediate destruction will be altered piecemeal, starting from within. Meanwhile, more than one hundred new skyscrapers, glistening with metal and glass, will have been completed in Manhattan by 1960. I hereby beg leave to doubt that this is a good thing.

Let us consider the matter not as enemies of progress but as friends of beauty. Thinking of it in this way, it appears that the architects of the new midown skyscrapers have deliberately excluded any consideration of pleasing the eye from the plans of their boxlike structures, which look as though they had been bolted together with Meccano. This is functional enclosure of space, to be sure; but form has its function, too, and it is not merely an esthetic one. A beautiful office building does more than please its beholders: it also has a singularity, identified with its owning corporation and up till now regarded as a priceless advertising asset. Yet most of the important buildings in the new crop look as much alike as so many peas in the same depressing pod: Socony is a ringer for Tishman, and Seagram shows little which will set it apart from Union Carbide, now rising a few blocks below it on Park Avenue. From a little distance, all is Meccano, without form and void.

And when you come closer, the new midtown business buildings seem even more bureaucratic and lacking in human values. As a special touch of meanness, they offer unattended elevators, thus destroying the livelihood of a cheerful sparrowlike race of people, the starters and operators—benefiting the landlord's bankroll while raveling claustrophobic passengers' nerves. Around these elevators, the ground floors seem to be divided between banking premises of a peculiarly shiny and non-confidence-making aspect (banks should be *gloomy*) and public showrooms where there is extended to all comers, on behalf of various nationally known goods and services, a curiously glassy and unconvincing glad hand. Above stairs, the rooms are neat, aseptic and cramped. Top hands still rate the

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corner offices, but they are no longer really impressive, with any prodigality of space. Here indeed is what one of the phrasemaking sociologists has called "the enormous file."

So LET US rest our eyes, while we can, on some of the architecture still surviving in lower New York, such as the awesome Equitable Building, constructed in 1914 before the setback laws, and shooting up 41 unrelieved stories, mountainous, overwhelming, like nothing else on earth. By contrast, let us admire the slender tower of Ernest Flagg's Singer Building, finished six years earlier, and the dramatic Flatiron Building, with its cleaving prow and marvelous wall texture (though remodeling is eating at its vitals even now).

And above all, let us be thankful for Cass Gilbert's Woolworth Building, one of the wonders of the world. It may be true that the lower and broader part of this building is too high in proportion to the tower when seen from the west. But buildings as well as people are entitled to a best side, and the Woolworth's incomparable grace is most evident when one approaches it from the northeast, across City Hall Park. I can remember when serious complaints were made that this tower was "sham Gothic," and that there was something shameful, maybe even criminal, about constructing it on ribs of steel. Surely this is forgotten now, for there it stands, with its subtle variations of color culminating in the weathered green of the copper roof at the peak, with all the soaring quality of its vertical lines, in the mercy and strength of great architecture.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

DEMOCRACY VERSUS COMMUNISM, by Kenneth Colegrove (Van Nostrand, $4.95). What should the high school textbook say to the student about Communism? Should it be "objective"?—that is, should it treat the history of the Soviets as if it were, to any degree, what *they* would like us to believe it has been? Or should the student be told merely the truth? Mr. Colegrove has chosen the latter, and he has done a comprehensive job. There is no glossing over the forty years of terror, no tempering the reality of Communist intentions for the future. Soviet advances in production are reported, but so is the terrible cost of such advances to the Russian people. And the entire fabric of Communist theory and "law" is clearly exposed as a fraud. If the corresponding parts of the text which deal with democracy are not so extensively handled, this can be readily defended. What we most need is a real understanding of our enemy: such understanding will surely encourage the serious student to learn more about his own position. But perhaps the most important thing about this book is not what is in it, but what will be done with it. Will our schools use a text so obviously "biased" in favor of truth? Perhaps we should check up on it. J. P. MCFADDEN

I LIKE IT HERE, by Kingsley Amis (Harcourt, $3.75). Now getting on to thirty-six, the elder statesman of Britain's Angry Young Men may be said, at least from a Biblical calculation, to be half shot. His very tired third novel, which is as inferior to his second one as that was to *Lucky Jim*, his brilliantly funny first one, suggests further vistas of decline. *I Like It Here* is about "beastly abroad"—in short, about one Garnet Bowen, hack writer, who goes to Portugal with his wife and three children to write articles. He is miserable there—and that more or less, if you except a clumsy side issue, is what the novel is about. Garnet Bowen is another of those superfluous men in a fog who people this province of British fiction. He illustrates more clearly than most that pretension of having no pretensions which is their prevailing ethical imperative. Alas, Amis' humor is becoming cloacal, which is another sign of functional decrepitude. If you are looking for deeper springs you can, if you wish, take the title to indicate a commitment to the simplicities of ordinary English life and rejection of that which is foreign to it, however glamorous. This is a curious way to make such a point. They are likening Amis to Waugh and Huxley, which is curiouser and curiouser. E. CASE

THE CAT WITH TWO FACES, by Gordon Young (Coward-McCann, $3.50). The pretty French woman known to espionage annals as "the Cat" was no ordinary spy. Neither money nor patriotism urgently motivated her; nor, like Mata Hari, was she especially inclined to the exotic. She seems simply to have needed a quality of excitement no normal way of life could provide She liked calculating risks, living by her wits, improvising from day to day. When she became the mistress of a Resistance organizer after the fall of France, her energy and daring were admired by all her confederates. But when the Gestapo moved in, she switched loyalties and just as ably betrayed her former comrades. Worse, when Germany began to lose, she got herself sent to England and promptly betrayed the Germans. The truth seems to be that she changed sides just to continue having the fun of being a spy. Of course, there was also a not entirely inert instinct for self-preservation. Describing her first (and only) night in a German prison, her memoirs declared: "It was out of the question for me to stay in a place like that. Why, the water-closet smelled quite abominably."

R. PHELPS

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To the Editor

Dissent on Cyprus

I would like to make a few comments on Mr. Lejeune's article "Cyprus: The Free World's Persisting Problem" [February 22].

First—I would like to stress that Cyprus is a persisting problem because the British are determined that it should not be solved. After deliberately encouraging the Turks over the past few years to inject themselves into the problem and thereby create new tensions, the British now believe that they can justify their hold upon Cyprus to the world.

Secondly—with regard to Mr. Lejeune's odd reservations on the uses of the democratic principles of majority rule and national self-determination on the Cyprus problem—may I ask if he espouses the use of the double standard when it suits his fancy? Does he seriously advocate the tail wagging the cow—as he says the Turkish minority should do?

Thirdly—the determination of the Conservative Party to continue basing its policy on expediency rather than upon principles of justice, constitutes a blot upon British honor, and will bring about the party's ultimate defeat.

Lastly, may I suggest that the Cyprus problem is not insoluble if the basic principles of justice and honor are sincerely applied to it.

New York City HARRY S. GEORGE

Mr. Lejeune Replies

Mr. George appears to have missed each point with unfailing accuracy. The Turks have not been injected into the problem: they were there from the beginning and their point of view has been too long ignored because the Greeks threw bombs and they didn't. The Turkish minority is not merely the tail of the Greek cow: it is a separate animal with no wish to be sat on or eaten up. Cyprus is very near Turkey and the Turks are a tough race. If the British went, the Turks would certainly not stand by while the island became Greek in the sacred name of national self-determination.

In her own interests Britain would very much like to see the Cyprus problem solved. The present situation means nothing but trouble and a heavy drain on her resources. A good case could be made for saying that Britain has considered her own expediency and that of the free world too little in these matters. The abandonment of India cost a million lives and put Mr. Nehru into power. The abandonment of Suez brought the Russians into the Middle East and sparked Colonel Nasser's territorial ambitions. The abandonment of Cyprus would split the island and tear off the hinge between NATO and the Baghdad Pact.

Mr. George does not suggest what principles of justice and honor he would apply. It is neither just nor honorable to abandon responsibility and condone bloodshed for the sake of a doubtful political slogan.

Middlesex, England ANTHONY LEJEUNE

No Congressman He!

In the March 1 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW (page 197) there is an article about the $100,000 that Jack Porter raised in Houston recently at a dinner given in honor of Joe Martin. Several times he was there referred to as "Congressman" Jack Porter.

. . . He never has been a Congressman, although he once ran unsuccessfully for the Senate. He is and for some years has been Republican National Committeeman for Texas.

Houston, Tex. R. H. KELLEY

Francis Russell on Gogarty

As one who met Dr. St. John Gogarty on a number of occasions during his last years in Ireland, I was very interested in Mr. Francis Russell's article "Gogarty: Last of the Wits" in your issue of January 11.

But there is no question why he left Ireland. He told me himself on a walk along the Atlantic shore near his old home Renvyle that he had decided to leave simply and solely because, as Mr. Francis Russell puts it, "the Jansenistic provinciality of De Valera's Ireland was too much for him."

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Admirers of Dr. Gogarty may be interested to learn the incident which gave the title to one of his later books. On Sepember 27, 1950, Dr. Gogarty returned to Renvyle by the bus from Galway. It was a pouring wet day, abnormally wet even for Connemara. Next to him in the bus, he told us, sat a man to whom he remarked, "This is not very seasonable weather for the time of year."

"Sure," was the reply, "it is not this time of year at all."

"May I ask where you are going?"

"I am getting out beyond here now!"

On the strength of this conversation, Dr. Gogarty claimed that he had at last discovered the Fourth Dimensional Man!

Brighton, England F. J. P. VEALE

. . . and Joyce

While normally I am rather pleased to come across a bit of nonsense in a journal of opinion, I found the article on Oliver St. John Gogarty in your January 11 issue too silly for print.

Had Francis Russell continued to strew his little praises on Gogarty for whatever that author may be worth, it could have been pleasant enough reading; but for him so quickly to become exhausted with his subject and to turn spitting and clawing at James Joyce was as disturbing and incongruous as for a lecturer on puddles to lash out suddenly against the sea.

Joyce may often be vain and obscure, at times impossible, but no reasoning reader can doubt his magnificence. Mr. Russell seems to disparage Joyce for that genius, implying that Gogarty was more admirable because his work was of a lesser caliber and consequently he was a more contented person. Shall we call the dimmer light brighter because it comes in contact with less electricity?

The limp conclusion of the essay, "After all is said, it is better to live life than to brood about it on paper . . ." would be comic were it not phrased with such pompous conviction. If the creative process seems so unwholesome to Mr. Russell, he might be better off avoiding it altogether. Perhaps there is another Martello parapet available for his kind, where he could sit in the sunshine all day and not be troubled about writing at all.

New York City ROBERT P. REILLY

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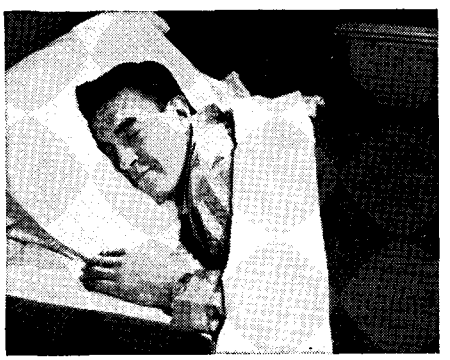

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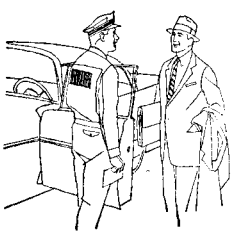

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